



The

Ones

That

Got

Away

1979–1985



***Produced by Denny Bruce for Havana Moon. From the MCA Album, SLUG LINE. © 1979 MCA Records, Inc.

††Produced by Denny Bruce and John Hiatt for Havana Moon. From the MCA Album, TWO BIT MONSTERS. © 1980 MCA Records, Inc.

†Produced by Tony Visconti. From the Geffen Album, ALL OF A SUDDEN. © 1982 The David Geffen Company. **Produced by Nick Lowe. From the Geffen Album, RIDING WITH THE KING. © 1983 The David Geffen Company. †Produced by Ron Nagle and Scott Matthews. From the Geffen Album, RIDING WITH THE KING. © 1983 The David Geffen Company.

•Produced by Norbert Putnam for Trebron Productions. From the Geffen Album, WARMING UP TO THE ICE AGE. © 1985 The David Geffen Company.

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- 13 When We Ran** A&R



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I always thought that the greatest thing you could do as a musician was to accompany a great singer. You can really take a trip with a voice. But the chance to go into the realm of a personal language that moves you and involves you as well; to play beyond the notes and the groove and the structure, into the song experience, that just doesn't happen very often at all. You want to cut some neurological pathways into your music brain and make some room where something really good can happen. It's like surfing.

I can truly say that I have done some good surfing behind John Hiatt's great songs, his meat-on-the-bone guitar playing, and his fuel-injector voice. He's the real thing, and I've met a few, but only a few. Now, playing good music doesn't always make good records—the funny little time warp doesn't necessarily make it from the air to the tape to the record, but John has a focus and an intensity that eats the machines so you all can get down and surf in your home.

RY COODER

THE CRUSH

The first time I laid eyes on you
I checked myself right on out of this world
Just one thing can bring me back
From this here heart attack
And that's your sweet lovin' girl
Ooh, your huggin' and kissin'
I know it make a dead man's lights come on
Little girl can't you see
I'm gone

Now I ain't gonna listen to reason
Ain't no excuse for the way that I feel
Before a word was spoke
I knew it weren't no joke
Baby this love is real
They say you got to take time to know her
But I just can't wait that long
You put the crush on me
Little girl can't you see
I'm gone

CHORUS

You put the crush
Crush-my mouth turns to mush
I can't begin to speak of all your charms
You put the crush-crush
My heart just gush
Now I can't be satisfied until
I'm wrapped up in your arms
Now ain't that some love baby
You got to know I ain't puttin' you on
You put the crush on me
Little girl can't you see I'm gone
You read about these kinds of feelin's
But they always happening to somebody else
I get this feelin' from you

That you want me to
Girl I just can't help myself
This is once in a lifetime
And I just can't let you walk on
You put the crush on me
Little girl can't you see I'm gone!

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Produced by **Norbert Putnam** for Trebron Productions
• Engineered and Mixed by **Norbert Putnam** • Assisted by
J.T. Cantwell • **John Hiatt**: Guitars, Vocals • **Jesse Boyce**: Bass,
Rhythm Guitar • **Larry Londin**: Drums • **Randy McCormick**:
Keyboards • **Willie Greene, Jr.**: Bass Vocals • **Bobby King**:
Additional Vocals • **Jerry Hey**: Trumpet • **Gary Grant**: Trumpet
• **Chuck Findley**: Trombone • **Bill Reichenbach**: Trombone
• **Larry Williams**: Saxophone • **Kim Hutchcroft**: Saxophone

SHE SAID THE SAME THINGS TO ME

You know she talk like everybody in the room
Was gonna listen in
Carries on a conversation
Like some mothers call their children in
Though you can't believe one sentence
Man you hang on every word
"Til the line of trash she talkin'
Just gets more and more absurd
Well I'm here to tell you brother
She said the same things to me
It was at another party
But I guess to her they're all the same
She'll ask you for a light
And pretty soon she wants to know your name
When she drops her tone to sweetness
And you know she's zeroed in
There's another sucker waitin'-even as she reels you in
Well I'm here to tell you brother
She said the same things to me
BRIDGE
Do you drive a nice car?

(Oh yes I do, baby)
Are you goin' far?
(All the way if you want me to)
Are you man enough for me?
(Oh-yes I am)
All night all night all night (Baby is that all right)
But once you get her out the door
Man she just wants you to take her home
You thought you were mister cool
Man this chick, she's got a heart of stone
Before you need a cold shower
Take a tip friend, if you please
The rap she's layin' on you's
Just a vocal strip tease
I'm here to tell you brother
She said the same thing to me

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Produced by **Norbert Putnam** for Trebron Productions
• Mixed by **Scott Hendricks** and **Norbert Putnam** • Assisted
by **J.T. Cantwell** • **John Hiatt**: Guitars, Vocals • **Jesse Boyce**:
Bass • **Larry Londin**: Drums • **Randy McCormick**: Keyboards
• **Willie Greene, Jr.**: Bass Vocals • **Frieda Woody**: Additional
Vocals • **Mack Gayden**: Rhythm Guitar

LOVE LIKE BLOOD

Take it easy baby
But take as much as you can
'Cause I got all the sweet loving you could possibly stand
I'll take your tears for drinking water
Make your pain sweet company
You can lay all your burdens on my shoulder
Girl you mean that much to me
I could climb the highest mountain
To show the world I could survive
But without your loving baby
I wouldn't even be alive

'Cause your love is like blood to me
Like a river baby
Your love is running through me
And with every beat of our hearts
We're defying gravity
Just a little bit further on up the stream
There's a shady resting place
Where you can lose all your blues and your troubles
With just one sweet embrace
Now I could do a million things
Just to prove that I'm a man
But there's only one woman
Who holds my life in her hands
Your love is like blood to me
I don't care what your people say
Over my dead body will they ever take you away
And any man cutting in on me
Well he just better stop 'cause I can't spare a drop
Your love is like blood to me

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Produced by **Nick Lowe** • Recorded and Mixed at Eden
Studios • Engineered by **Nell King** • Assisted by **Irene Kelly**
• **John Hiatt**: Guitar • **Martin Belmont**: Guitar • **Paul Carrack**:
Keyboards, Background Vocals • **Bobby Irwin**: Drums • **Nick
Lowe**: Bass, Background Vocals

SLUG LINE

I went to the marketplace
They said they liked my face
Better than a digital watch
You got it
We're pros and we can spot it
So I thought it was some disease
But they were all on their knees
Shakin' hands with my picture, sayin':
"First we sterilize it,
Then we merchandise it

And everybody tries it
And everybody buys it"
CHORUS
Well that's fine
Put me on the slug line
Punch a pretty hole in my mind
And show me where to sign
And put me on the slug line
They told me how to behave
Like any other public slave
Keep a smile on the face of the consumer
Or you'll become a rumor
So I got a band of angry sons
Now we're havin' so much fun
Tearin' up the nation
Weapons out of mike-stands
Bitin' on the glad hand
They still don't understand
That they were packaging a mad man

CHORUS

You made one mistake
You made me wait
CHORUS

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Produced by **Denny Bruce** for Havana Moon • Engineered by **Russ Gary** • Second Engineer: **Michael Carnevale** • **John Hiatt**: Guitar, Vocals • **Jon Paris**: Bass • **Doug Yankus**: Guitar • **B.J. Wilson**: Drums

SHE LOVES THE JERK

We talked it to death, crying on the telephone
Nights when he drinks at home
She has to whisper through her tears,
Johnny, she says, you'd never do these things to me
But I can never make her see

He's wasted such precious years
Well, you married the wrong guy is all I ever say
CHORUS
He's a no good so and so
But she'll never let him go
Though she knows it will never work
She loves the jerk
He was a guy always out on the make
I guess he had what it takes
To turn the heads of pretty girls
She thought he would change
The worst of us will settle down
But he wouldn't stay out of town
Not even for this precious pearl
Now she lives the lies and bumps and the bruises
CHORUS
I hang up the phone and I pretend she's in my arms
What I wouldn't give for just one tenth of what she gives
Mr. Charming

CHORUS

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Produced by **Ron Nagle** and **Scott Matthews** • Recorded at The Pen, San Francisco • Mixed by **Ron Nagle** and **Scott Matthews** at The Automatt, San Francisco • Assisted by **Maureen Droney** • **John Hiatt**: Guitar, Vocals • **Scott Matthews**: Drums, Bass, Keyboards, Saxophone, Slide Guitars, Background Vocals

MY EDGE OF THE RAZOR

We've been training
Now we look like each other
Face down and
Booked and printed for young lovers
Even as I write us out of this song
The ink wears off but the beat goes on
CHORUS
I pledge my edge of the razor

No minor league night in the majors
Even though we cut up, we can really cut 'em down
Though you're sharper than me, it's too late to turn around
Heavy trading
On the floor at the market
A million keys for my heart
But they'll never unlock it
We played for laughs now love is the prize
If we're playing for keeps, keep these tears from my eyes
CHORUS
BRIDGE
One slice of life
One lover's lane
One man and a wife
Not taken in vain
While they're cutting deals with grim reapers
Tell me, where'd you get those peepers
Well, I filled out all the pages of this questionnaire
But I left out all the details of this affair
They'll never get it down on the books
So they'll never know how much it took
CHORUS

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Produced by **Tony Visconti** • Recorded at The Power Station, New York City • Engineered by **Larry Alexander** • Assisted by **Jason Corsaro** and **Josh Abbey** • Mixed at Good Earth Studios • **John Hiatt**: Guitars, Vocals • **Jesse Harms**: Keyboards, Background Vocals • **James Rolleston**: Bass, Background Vocals • **Darrell Verduco**: Drums, Background Vocals

PINK BEDROOM

She paints her fingernails forbidden tones
She wants nervous youth on the telephone
He don't call
She sticks another pin
In her doll
And puts him next to her stuffed animals

She's got the tube top
She's got the french heels
She's got the blow dry
She's got her eyes peeled
She's got the tight jeans
Seventeen magazine
She's got it all
She's got it all
She's got it all
In her pink bedroom
She thinks all her boyfriends are so dumb
She drinks coca-cola with her valium
Mother calls
She sticks another pin
In her doll
And lets those fingers talk her into it
She's got the lip gloss
She's got the short-shorts
She's got her records and,
They're all imports
She's got her good looks
She's got her yearbook
She's got it all
She's got it all
She's got it all
In her pink bedroom
They say they got her future down at the desk
Now they're drawing blood for the grownup test
Something crawls
Beneath her lily skin
And her doll
Is so relieved she's lost her innocence
It was a teen game
Now we're serious
It's all customized

Don't get curious
We got your pension
And your attention
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all

From her pink bedroom!!!

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Produced by **Denny Bruce** and **John Hiatt** for Havana Moon
• Recorded and Mixed by **Mark Howlett** • **John Hiatt**: Guitar,
Vocals • **Howard Epstein**: Bass, Background Vocals • **Shane
Keister**: Keyboards • **Darrell Verduco**: Drums, Background
Vocals

IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET

You said that I would be sorry if you went away
You said I wouldn't be happy without hell to pay
You said the tears would fall
Between the bedroom walls
You said that I would regret
CHORUS
Baby, it hasn't happened yet
Oh no, it hasn't happened yet
Baby, it hasn't happened yet
Your friends come over and offer to take me to tea
They seem so sorry I'm sufferin' so much misery
They say to give a call
Next time I start to crawl
I always say, 'yea you bet'
CHORUS

I don't have anyone
I'm havin' lots of fun
No one is "into me"
No one's a mystery

I see you on the street
My heart don't skip a beat
Sex and hostility
Don't mean a thing to me
I find it hard to remember the good times we've had
Call me insensitive, now that it's over I'm glad
You said when shadows fell
It would be hard to tell
My life from your silhouette
CHORUS

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Vocals • **Howard Epstein**: Bass, Background Vocals • **Shane
Keister**: Keyboards • **Darrell Verduco**: Drums, Background
Vocals

RADIO GIRL

Get in your car and go, depending on how you feel
Turn on your radio, D.J. says love is real
He thinks it's the latest sensation
Isabella
You know what love's about, heard it on your stereo
Everybody does without, broken-hearted comic book heroes
Don't worry your pretty little head now honey,
It's only top twenty
CHORUS
Oh, radio girl, radio girl
Living for that three minute song
Welcome to the real world
Transistor sister, that's right mister, radio girl
Everybody's waiting for fairy godmother to show
You're not holding your breath anymore, turn up that radio
That song just came in from the left field
And you're going right through your windshield
Isabella!!
They want to know what's wrong with you
They want you to come out and play

You're gonna push all the buttons
And blow them all away
They got their whole lives to tell you how much stuff they
can sell you
CHORUS

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Russ Gary • Second Engineer: **Michael Carnevale** • **John
Hiatt**: Guitar, Vocals • **Jon Paris**: Bass • **Doug Yankus**: Guitar
• **Thom Mooney**: Drums

I LOOK FOR LOVE

Why did she wear that dress tonight
Why did she bring that stranger
She looks put out in the party lights
Which leaves us all in danger
When she drops her perfumed hankie
CHORUS
I look for love
I look for love
I look for love
I look for love
I hate the way we carry on
These fashion consultations
Do all these wires we sing along
Require such insulation
Fused with fear or charged with anger
CHORUS
BRIDGE
No innocence I can claim
No treasure of stolen hearts
In every mirror I look the same
A toy soldier with missing parts
She's adding up those second looks
While she collects advances
Like thumbing through some dirty book

They estimate their chances
When the parking lot is empty
CHORUS

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• **John Hiatt**: Guitars, Vocals • **Jesse Harms**: Keyboards, Back-
ground Vocals • **James Rolleston**: Bass, Background Vocals
• **Darrell Verduco**: Drums, Background Vocals

WASHABLE INK

Little girl playin' with the moonlight
Shine it on me, shine it on me
There's a cloud over my light and its troubling me,
troubling me
Such a world, such an invitation
Come as you are, come as you are
Subject to change, but we'll try not to leave any scars
CHORUS
Washable ink, if you think it stinks you can cry it away
They don't want to hear your sad story today
Everybody's busy whoever they are
Washable ink, put it in the sink if you've had enough
But if you're on the brink of the usual stuff
Wait 'til it rains and give it away
Little girl, they just want to train you
To keep them amused, to keep them amused
They don't know, you got your match to the end of that fuse
Such a life, such a long vacation
A tourist parade, man it's a tourist parade
I'm going to sleep, wake me up when I've got it made
CHORUS

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Produced by **Denny Bruce** for Havana Moon • Engineered
by **Russ Gary** • Second Engineer: **Michael Carnevale**
• **John Hiatt**: Guitar, Vocals • **Veyler Hildebrand**: Bass
• **Doug Yankus**: Guitar • **Thom Mooney**: Drums • **Etan
McElroy**: Piano, Background Vocals

RIDING WITH THE KING

I dreamed I did a good job and I got well paid
Blew it all at the penny arcade
A hundred dollars on a kewpie doll
I guess no white chick is gonna make me crawl
On a TWA to the promised land
Every woman, child and man
Gets a cadillac and a diamond ring
Don't you know we're riding with the king?
He's on a mission of mercy to the new frontier
He's gonna check us all out of here
Up to that mansion on a hill
Where you can get your prescription filled
On a TWA to the promised land
Everybody come on and clap your hands
Don't you just love the way he sings
Don't you know we're riding with the king?
A red cape and shiny cold 45
I never saw his face but I saw the light
Tonight everybody's getting their angel wings
Don't you know we're riding with the king?
Well I stepped out of a mirror at ten years old
With a suit cut sharp as a razor and a heart of gold
I had a guitar hanging just about waist high
I'm gonna play that thing until the day I die

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Produced by **Nick Lowe** • Recorded and Mixed at Eden Studios • Engineered by **Nell King** • Assisted by **Irene Kelly** • **John Hiatt**: Guitar • **Martin Belmont**: Guitar • **Paul Carrack**: Keyboards, Background Vocals • **Bobby Irwin**: Drums • **Nick Lowe**: Bass, Background Vocals

WHEN WE RAN

Could have been the kiss of my life
Could have been the death of me
Coulda been I was just too scared
To wait around and see

You coulda been a guardian angel
I coulda been the wicked one
Besides the buttons on our shirts, girl
What else did we leave undone?
CHORUS
When—we ran
When we ran
When we ran

Was it just time slippin' through our hands?
Maybe I was tryin' to tell you
I'd never known a love so strong
But maybe in the shadows of the night
We just couldn't tell right from wrong
Maybe it's a real-life story
Livin' with sad regrets
Maybe it was just a sweet dream, girl
Somethin' that I can't forget

CHORUS

BRIDGE

You only had to say the word
I would have turned around and heard
But as it is we can't turn back
The mind's just a trash can, baby
And the memories, rollin' dice
We felt somethin' one time, girl
But we thought about it twice

And

We ran

We ran

We ran

Was it just the time slippin' through our hands?

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• **Larry Londin**: Drums • **Randy McCormick**: Keyboards

Mastered by **Dan Hersch** at DigiPrep, Los Angeles, CA

Mastering Supervised by **David Donnelly**

Title Inspiration: **Dave Ranson**

Paul Carrack courtesy of Epic Records

Chuck Findley courtesy of Monterey Records

Bobby King courtesy of Motown Records

Nick Lowe courtesy of CBS Records

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY **JOHN HIATT**

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Dedicated to the memory of **Doug Yankus**



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JOHN HIATT

THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY 1979-1985

Y'ALL CAUGHT?



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All Songs BMI

